

~~Synopsis~~
Courant
Winter 1972



"Man struggles to find life outside himself,
unaware that the life he is seeking
is within him."



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Let me play

Stop for a moment.
Listen for the whistling
Which, at any time now,
May creep into your ears
And trickle downward
Where it finds the nest of loneliness
And gathers there
To penetrate your walls
And warm the icy solitude
With vibrant melody
Which seeps down deep
And fills your empty heart.



The Tumbleweed

If
you con-
please, sider
 The tumble
How it weed
 grows and flows with the wind!
Roaming,
 A wandering rogue.
Whole in itself
 yet part of the whole.
Never rapacious, it gives
 only beauty
to any lacklustre
 landscape.

THE INDIVIDUAL

Bleak, balmy
 novembering days
 that make you kick the ground
restlessly
thrusting your hands
 deep
burrowing
into your pockets

Fleeting calls
of birds
 beckoning
all creatures of nature
homeward

Corn stalks
lie
 scattered
trampled throughout the fields
Burgundy and aged-white-wine
 color
the rows and rows of
 trees
 that stretch
 beyond the upturned soils
 surrounded
 by
 Mr. Merrill's original hand-laid
 limestone
 fences

Above the fields
 lies
an orchard
softly covered with
decaying remains
of rotten apples
 embedded within the
 quilting leaves
 already
 fallen

The orchard companions are barren

save

one small, scrubby tree

There hangs

seemingly unnoticed

one heavy

fruit laden

apple

that still

despite the draw of Mother Earth

is determined

to remain

dangling

lush

forever

and

ever

He will not succumb

to the elemental

nor be convinced

that his fate

should be in compliance

Desireous

of an inexhaustable feeling

he lingers

forever watching

the reactions

around him

The wind
in disagreement
begins
to blow
bellowing out in mighty rage
Swifter
more swiftly
it races
wrestling fiercely
with the
low gray masses
of
twisting, twinning branches
Shaking
and showering them
Choking
life and sustenance
from the
quivering, bony fingers
still gravely clutching the
wax-flower red
apple

Angered by defiance
the wind sends

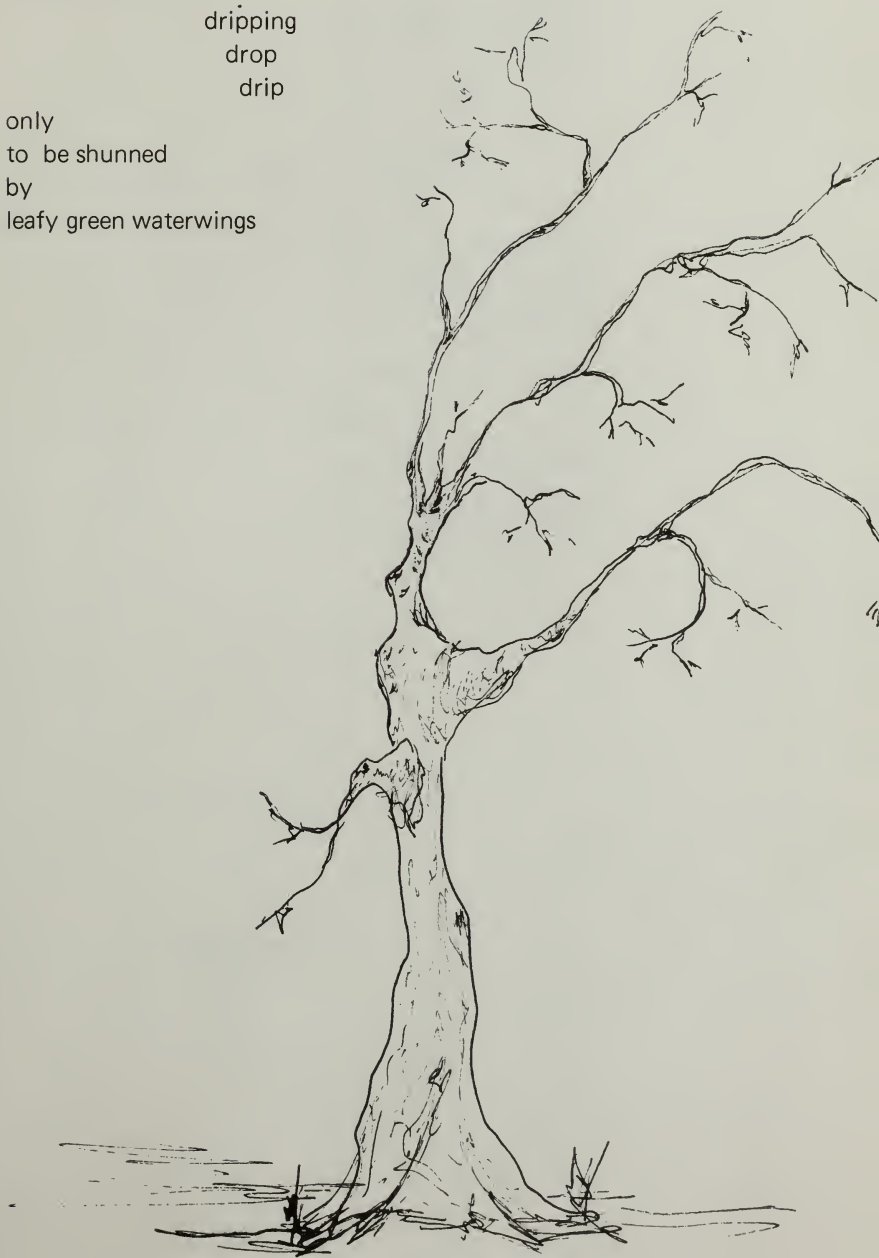
rain

torturing floods
resolved

to drown all existence
with its incessant

dripping
drop
drip

only
to be shunned
by
leafy green waterwings



Defeated
the whirling smokey-black clouds
spin
dizzily away
releasing
a colorwheel of promise
leading
to a treasure
of gold

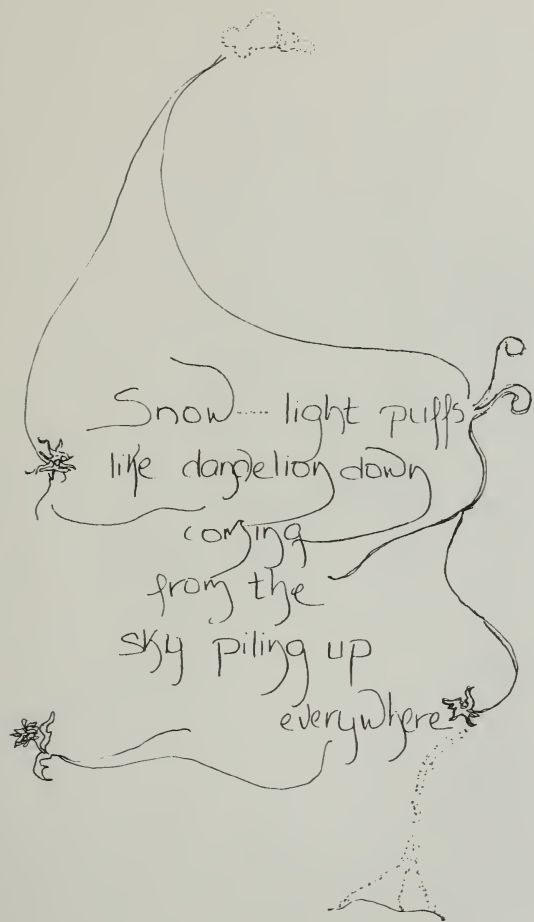
Bright rays
now beguile
this wintry scene
Dispersing warmth
a lust for life
that sets the lone creature

to laughing

Deliriously
he loses his
well sought balance

t
u
m
b
l
i
n
g
forever
into the grabbing
greedy
hands

of a small
tusseled hair
blonde
boy





Pandora

There is a chest in a corner
known only to me.

I crouch there, silent in darkness
and finger the key
waiting for the proper moment
when I may slowly raise the lid
to view the rotting remnants
of a forgotten time.

The rising fumes bring tears to my eyes.
I choose only what I need,
rush into the light,
display the striking carcass to frighten
away my enemies
then return my treasure to its secret place
and forget it again.



Alone
by the empty stage
full of actors, playing.
paned by glass and screams
framed in velvet;
capture the glance,
mime the incredulity,
Vindicate the hatred, (have pity.)

Indict the dictionary
for its perverse blankness;
those tools of debauchery
those sins of the committed writer.

And after the war:
the death of love,
the fear of union,
"But I shall be only
myself . . .

Can't you see that I
am . . ."
Listen

Read my words
Feel my passion
seeping
gone
pick it up
save me

But the curtain
falls
as the lonely one sits
her pencil is there
scratching and smoothing
the bits and pieces of her life
alone.

I feel like a child.
Now that you've gone
I feel like a child.
In an inexplicable way of looking reprimanded
With a drooping, hangdog expression,
I am happy - - - or really, I'm not upset.
I feel guilty that I am.
For I had considered my love to be
Something which time couldn't dent - - -
I had thought it so urgent and adult.
Now, when I find that love is terminal
I think that for so many months
My love might have been very foolish,
And now I feel like a silly child.





Hallucinations

part 1

The singer
invisible
mechanically makes his presence known as he creates
an impenetrable web
to block
out
both your frustration

and
passion

A horny toad
becomes
a prince and then a toad
As you give him a kiss
he vanishes

into
the
wall

then,
you realize that even though
you can't see him
becoming the prince and then the toad again, he is
still

changing himself in the walls

Knowing this

The toad becomes larger each time

and

even the prince, when he's princely, resembles the toad

more and more

with each appearance

The toad

being in the walls

makes them

vibrate in a pulsating way

Then

you realize

that

you

are actually in the toad

and

the pulsating is his breathing

The air gets

h

e

a

v

y

and

The toad becomes

more and more visible

the

innermost parts become clearer

Through the opaqueness of flesh

you can see

its outer self as well

part II

You realize
in a rather cynical way
that you are no longer
alone

so ,
wondering
what it would be like
to fuck
with a toad
Understanding that this is because you are a toad
still impregnated
and feeling comfort in this ,

You remove your clothing
and
snuggle
up to the walls;
pulsating
sticking
lukewarm.

you —
protected
impregnated
and
in a toady way
otiose.

people dreamed
through iced eyes
of shallowness



Don't touch ^{that} falling star
for it is to block a quiet child



Letter (translated from the french)

To listen to you talk is like listening to a river which falls from rise to rise until it reaches the ocean, sounding inside me with the noise of your thoughts. Be calm for one minute. I am not angry with you; I love you well for what you can tell me.

Today, I talked with two girls. The first was blond, hair and skin glowing in the clear light of the winter sun. She told me of the movements of the stars and of opium, all while watching me with brown eyes which saw not my eyes but my self. The other talked to me from a stone wall, her face emerging from the dark only with the help of the moon. She told me of the snow and of the earth. She said that it would be spring for five or six days and that I ought to feel it in my belly before the violent new growth was stopped by falling snow.

I told you these things because they pleased me to remember them. Myself, I am alone in my room, ready to sleep, listening to the wind in the trees, watching at the same time the stars and the pines which cover them. I am very happy, I am almost crying with joy. The sky, the earth, and people, these three things please me more than others.

I am like that with my innocent belief in the beauty of my life. I hope that it will not turn bad. I see, not looking but seeing, and that is the most I can ask for. A little while ago, I bought a book of Japanese poetry, old and short. The poet had followed a river in travelling, from its source to the sea.

In remaining faithful to your sight of your life, you must be conscious of the relation between you and your vision, either of people or of the earth and the sky. It is the only conflict of my life, a conflict at one painful, beautiful, productive. Full of fluidity, with many rocks.



the silky silence of the night
carresses my soul
and the stark black with whispered shadows
cloak my face and feelings.
a faint breeze teases my hair
and dares me to dance along.
but my thoughts leaden me
too heavy with sorrow to dance
too somber to try and capture
the melodies of the night.
why?
my mind sees bullets ripping through the air
and tearing screams from men
then the resultant mocking screams of ambulances
come to take men the life cast away.
night come and rest me please
night come
and rest me.



132.

These dry, brown fields of winter,
Scattered with white,
Reflect the barren gaze inward,
Spotted with discoveries.



Warm, with water flow
Down to toes.
Sigh, from yellow
Creamed corn mind bath.
Soft slow skin-touch
Drips sedate
To draw my eye covers over
And tuck those heads
Of freedom in
For the night.
Letting me dream of you
Once again.

I can't cry anymore
or scream.
I can't get angry at all
or red in the face.
I just want to lie in this soft, fat chair,
passive and insensitive.
There's only so much disappointment,
so much disillusionment,
so much bitterness,
so little hope,
And then my nerves are dulled - -
no feeling.
Like a wave at low tide
the numbness spreads slowly over my body
until there is no response.
And the only safe place is deep inside,
so I withdraw.

may 6, 1971

. . . when i got here it was still very dark, so i sat down on a rock to wait for the light, soon there was a blushing glow in the east, and the sun rose to start the day with soft pinks and the gray faded away. there is a little spring stream here, it is losing it's strength with every day of warm spring weather. in a month at the most, this stream will have dried up and ferns, young and firm, will be standing here. the stream isn't thinking about it's tomorrows though, it is concentrating on reaching the river below as quickly as possible. it is not thinking of what it is doing for the ferns of the door or the spruce and balsam trees. it only understands it's source through the trees to the river and flows there intent upon fulfilling it's purpose. as it flows it becomes more confident and sure of it's direction. it becomes strong and unwavering. soon it becomes a well that draws others to drink it's sweet waters. and everything begins to belong to and be a part of all other things. i feel this is as close to seeing and being a part of perfection and harmony that one can become. you can't not fit in here. one blends in and becomes another part. if you were to close your eyes and hands and become immobile, you would become aware of how sensitive your skin is to the winds, and how your ear becomes all of your other senses and you would lose a sense of body and drift into waves of wind and sound. first you hear the birds, but then you really hear them. you understand their songs and actually hear the shapes and strength of their throats. then you hear the river, and trout flies hatching, and slimy grasses swishing and the mud gently, gently rippling with the impatient current. then you hear what a hurry this brook is in to get to the river. and you hear the oldness of these rocks and their solidity and the grace of their age, and you hear the mosses and lichens creeping around them and hiding in nooks. you hear catapillers crawling, and trees dying and snow melting and it goes on and on and all parts become a whole.

COURANT WINTER/1972

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